Vyce for to eschewe, and all abhominacion
Ipocrysie, Idolatry, which is mans perdicion
O Lorde is not the merites of thy passion
A sure seale of the pardone, and remyssion
That once was shed for mans redemption:
Upon the crosse was offered, that high oblacion.

O Lorde thou dyddest thy fathers wrath pacify
Obedient thou wast vnto a shamefull death
For mans lyfe, thou suffredest patiently
Thou yeldest the goste, as the scripture sayth
And rose from death, to lyfe the thyrde daye
And sittest in heauen, with great power & maiestie
Coequall with the father, thys is no fraye
Makyng intercession, for vs synners perpetuallye.

O Lorde howe long shall we wepe and crye
For fault of foode, to the soule spirituall
Thy watchmen are dome, and lie in theyr slye
Their filthy luryng it so abhominable
To fede thy flocke, they take no care nor payne
To teach or preach thy faithful testament

O Lorde thy worde is our sure touch stone.
That leadeth mankynde, to hys saluation
Lyce for to eschewe, and all abhominacion.
Ipocrysie, Idolatry, which is mans perdition
O Lorde is not the merites of thy passion
A sure seale of the pardone, and remyssion
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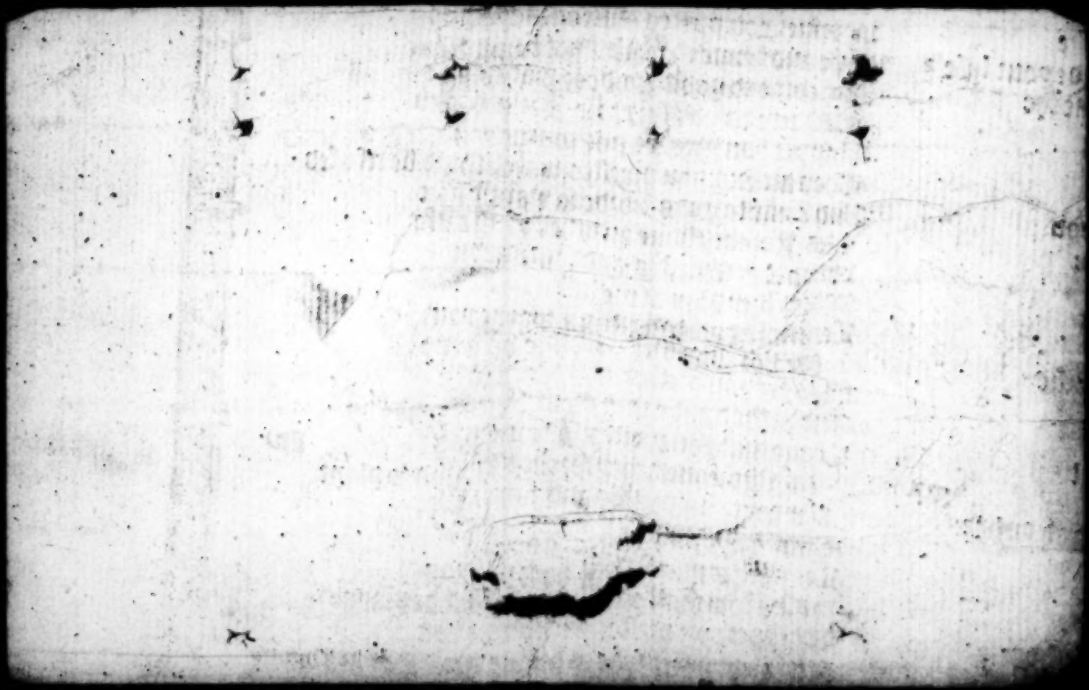
For fault of foode, to the soule spirituall
Thy watchmen are dome, and lie in theyr slye

whyppet you prestes and tourne you
Nice and lynne they wyll not rebuke
For come to gods worde to warme your
Where do you see more Idelnes vsed
whippet you preestes and tourne you
Then among you preestes whych shuld be refused
And come to gods worde to warme you
Yet they haue an other prety caste
whippet you prestes, and tourne you
Which they play at the last
Leaue that you preestes I warne you
For than they do holde vp a cup
whippet you prestes, and tourne you
And al the drinke they them selues drynke vp
Leaue that you prestes I warne you
Moreouer, they teache they god to playe
whyppet you prestes and tourne you
This waye and [illegible] prestes I warne you
Leaue that you [illegible] I wyll [illegible] you
Now therfore [illegible] it be playne
whippet you prestes and tourne you
They wyl not stycke to breake their god in twayne



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